

# AT THE PRESIDENT'S BIG EASTER PARTY

## What a Party of Tots Saw at the White House on Easter Monday While Guests at the Annual Picnic.

BY WALTER ELPRETH WATKINS.

"I'm glad to come to Washington for Easter," said Cousin Molly as she toddled toward the White House, tugging her little basket of freshly dyed eggs. "And it's well you might be," replied Aunt Martha. "For it's the only place in the country where they have 'children's day' of an Easter Monday. And think of being invited by the President himself to roll eggs in his own yard!"

Molly was deeply impressed, although during the several previous days she had been repeatedly reminded of the honor that was now in store for her.

"Is he like old Santy?" she asked, when she had partly recovered her breath. "And will he give us take and tandy and toys and fings?"

"For de Lawd!" exclaimed fat Mandy, who waddled alongside with the lunch basket. "Why, honey, he's jest a real live man like Massa George Washington were, and like yo' own daddy and yo' uncle. And chile a-livin' whatcher think he'd have left for keepin' de wolf from de do' ef he gave things to all them thousands of chillun 'vuntill be thar rollin' (they aise) Why he'd be as poor as cullud folks! That he would."

"There's the peanut man!" cried Jack.

"And the banana man!" yelled Billy.

"And the bloom man!" added Kitty.

But despite the fact that Aunt Martha shouted savagely, they all scampered off, taking Molly along with them, to invest their pennies in the tempting wares displayed by a row of vendors' carts pushed up, side by side, to the edge of the curb.

"Take You in Fer a Dime."

"Take you in fer a dime, lady! Want to be taken in?" solicited a red-haired urchin at the gate, whose sharp eyes had noted the present childless status of the two women.

"I'd be taken in' sure enough, if I went along with you," snapped Aunt Martha, whereupon the enterprising waifs' companions saluted him with a derisive chorus of:

"Stung!"

"But grown folks ain't allowed in without kids with 'em," the lad appealed. "I've taken in nine folks already, and with another dime I'll have me dollar!"

"Well, for land's sake!" exploded old Mandy. "Hurry up yer yo' chillun, or dis white trash'll git yer aunty's good money!"

At last the little party was reunited, and the policeman told them off at the gate, to make sure that no adult should enjoy the President's Easter party unless he came to take care of one of the little guests.

"Is that him?" asked Molly. "Is that the President?"

"Aw, that's only a cop! The President! Oh, gee!" rose the voices of the boys in ridicule.

"Never mind, honey," Mandy assured their little cousin. "Yo' all'll see the President fo' long. Keep yer eyes on that there round porch up there whar them white pillars is, and yo'll see him come out and take off his kaig hat and make a bow!"

They soon found a vacant spot of green grass, where, with groans and grunts, Aunt Martha and Mandy set down the lunch baskets, spread out the coats and seated themselves upon those pieces of apparel, partly to assure the latter's safety and partly to protect their own health.

"Look Out for Guinea Eggs."

"Look out for guinea eggs!" Billy admonished his companions. "They'll bust chicken eggs every time, when it come to pickin'."

"They won't fool me with 'em," Bessie replied, with confidence. "They're speckled, 'cause I saw them down at grandma's."

"Speckled, nothing!" Jack rejoined. "Not a fresh guinea has ever speckled 'em in vinegar. That takes the specks off of 'em."

Each had now claimed his basket of eggs, which Mandy had hard boiled Sunday, and which all hands had dipped in the radiant dyes upon that busy Easter eve.

"I'll pick you! No guinea about this!" And with this challenge Jack grasped a red egg firmly in his fingers, exposing only the point. Bessie did likewise. The two points came together, and Jack withdrew his egg to find that its exposed end had collapsed during the impact. Then Billy also lost to Bess, but when Jack lost twice again he bought her warrior for a nickel and boldly sallied forth with it to a neighboring corner of boys.

"I hope he wins a lot," said Bessie. "Then we'll have a good time rolling 'em." But Molly could not answer. She was up to her ears in a gingerbread horse. Billy disappeared, too. He was off for a tour of inspection around the semi-circular park, where the great fountain was playing, and where the early spring flowers were mingling their radiance with the gay clothes of the romping children.

"Them aise were Colored Different!" observed Mandy, as she removed the shell of an unsuccessful combatant and prepared to munch it. "All very fine, but wasn't they gorgeous?" Miss Molly, when I used to sew 'em up in call for the masses, and like 'em all the fingers come off onto 'em, and left 'em covered with patterns!"

"Yes, but youngsters'd rather make a mess rying them these days," added Aunt Martha. "And do you remember how we used to write our initials on eggs with candle grease then aye?"

"The poor man's back's near broke," said one of them under men to me. "If it was grown-up folks, he wouldn't have to be over so far."

"Five Kids in the Guardroom." And just then Billy came back with news to relate.

"Five kids in the guardroom already," he announced with more amusement than alarm.

"What did they do?" inquired Bess. "Do nothing! Got lost!"

"Poor little tots! Are they crying?" inquired Aunt Martha.

"You bet they're not cryin'. Eatin' apples the sergeant gave 'em and havin' a fine time. He says there'll be two dozen of 'em before the day's done."

"Here comes Jack! Goody! How many?" called Bess.

"Seventeen. Eey, that picker of yours was a dandy. Those kids over there think it's a guinea and have got cold feet!"

Jack displayed his trophies with great gusto, and the four youngsters now ran up a little knoll to contend for the honor of rolling an egg the farthest without breaking it, the winner claiming for its owner all unsuccessful contestants.

Thus they played until it was time



A LESSON IN "ROLLING."



THE PRESIDENT'S EASTER PARTY.



It was a good shot and added its yellow to the wonderful combination of colors on her Easter bonnet. Then they had a terrible time with Mandy.

"Yo' dogone, good-fo'-nothin' niggah! Yo' bullet-headed coon! Yo' kink-y, haired brack trash! Yo' come here an' I'll skin yo' alive! I'll bust yo' monkey face in! I'll crack yo' cobble-stone hazz!"

These were only a few of the aspersions which Mandy heaped upon her tormentor, while Aunt Martha held onto her and Bess and busied herself brushing egg fragments from the gorzeous, but bespattered millinery.

The Band Soother, Mandy's Feelings. But just then the band struck up—the wonderful Marine Band that plays at all the President's entertainments. No human force could now have held Mandy to earth. Bursting into a broad grin, she yanked the band here, chills and coats, and waddled hurriedly toward the band stand, leaving the others to follow in her wake as best they might.

"She's taken on this way ever since President Harrison started this business of having the band here children's day," said Aunt Martha, rattling the worse for breath. "And I do hope she won't get to dancing again, that's all."

"Woop—ee! He's coming!" yelled Jack, throwing his cap and leading the way to the space just in front of the stately mansion's south balcony.

"Here, yo' Mandy, come take Molly and hold her up to se him!" commanded Aunt Martha.

Then there was a thunder of hand-claps and a flutter of hundreds of waving handkerchiefs, as there stepped onto the high portico a figure in sombre garb, followed by a resplendent army officer in gold braid and with dazzling side arms.

The President doffed his high silk hat, bowed and continued to beam upon his myriad guests.

"Is that his papa?" asked little Molly, who was threatening to swallow a finger.

"Whose's papa, honey?"

"For the Lawd, chile," chuckled Mandy. "Why the President's the settled one. That there young kemon's just one of his soldiers."

(Copyright, 1911, by John Elfreth Watkins.)



AT THE GATE.

PRESIDENT'S LITTLE GUESTS ARRIVING.



THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS, THE CROWDS AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

WAITING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT.

them and take the grease off afterward?"

"I sho do, missie. And it do seem, but yestiddy when I done took yo' and the massa up in the Capitol fo' de fust time, when de chillun done all their d'g rollin' dar, down the lawn on this side. And don't I remember how the young massa carried on when the old massa he read out the paper that the police wasn't gwine to allow no chillun there on Easter Monday's no mo', and how he done nearly bust hisself with joy when he heard afterward that Mrs. Hayes had invited all of the chillun in town to come to this here lawn and roll their aigs to their hearts' content!"

"That was the first time we brought the boys' father here," Aunt Martha recalled. "Mrs. Hayes was a good-hearted, motherly woman, and she was never too busy to play games with little Fanny and Scott."

Cleveland's Easter Party.

"And do you mind the time, chile, when we took the younger chillun to the first big rollin' of Mr. Cleveland's? Good granddaddies alive! Will I ever forget that day?"

"Yes, the time of the jam!"

"The time of the jam?"

"Yes, that was when Mr. Cleveland wasn't married yet, an his sister was a-keepin' house for him. A lot of folks was in the east room, and it got noised about that he was a-comin' down to shake their hands after lunch. How the chillun got a hold of the news the Lawd knows, but they crammed into that there room like they was to a camp meetin'. The usher men was for clearin' 'em out, tell the President he said word to leave 'em stay. But after he had shook hands with two or three hundred of 'em, he had to give it up."

"The poor man's back's near broke," said one of them under men to me. "If it was grown-up folks, he wouldn't have to be over so far."

"Five Kids in the Guardroom." And just then Billy came back with news to relate.

"Five kids in the guardroom already," he announced with more amusement than alarm.

"What did they do?" inquired Bess. "Do nothing! Got lost!"

"Poor little tots! Are they crying?" inquired Aunt Martha.

"You bet they're not cryin'. Eatin' apples the sergeant gave 'em and havin' a fine time. He says there'll be two dozen of 'em before the day's done."

"Here comes Jack! Goody! How many?" called Bess.

"Seventeen. Eey, that picker of yours was a dandy. Those kids over there think it's a guinea and have got cold feet!"

Jack displayed his trophies with great gusto, and the four youngsters now ran up a little knoll to contend for the honor of rolling an egg the farthest without breaking it, the winner claiming for its owner all unsuccessful contestants.

Thus they played until it was time



A COLORED FAMILY.

to unpack the lunch baskets, when all that little glutton, indifferent to her aunt's observations.

"No, you can't have a bite of cake till you've finished up the sandwiches," was the law now laid down by Aunt Martha. "And you boys stop stuffing your food. You have the whole day to play! Molly, you've done nothing but munch cakes all day, and for the life of me I can't see how you can hold another crumb."

"Bunny wants a take, too," rejoined

told us so at school, and I guess she knows. It's hares, and not rabbits, that bring the pretty eggs on Easter eve."

"Oh, what's the difference?" asked Jack, in derision. "They're both the same—hares and rabbits."

"That shows what you know," retorted his sister. "Hares are born with their eyes open and rabbits aren't, and besides, hares can see behind 'em ar rabbits can't. And we never had any er hares here till the Germans came over and brought them. There, now, Mr. Smarty, I guess I know!"

"My sakes! What the chillun don't know these days," ejaculated Mandy. "And what else did yer teacher learn yo' about Easter, honey?"

"Well, she said that once upon a time all Easter eggs were dyed red to represent the blood of Jesus, and that pickin' eggs was played in England long before we knew of it here."

"That's nothing to what I know," interrupted Jack. "I bet you can't tell where they see the sun dance on Easter morning."

"I don't believe it dances anywhere more than it does here," observed his sister.

"It doesn't, eh? Well that Irish girl over there that's nurse for those kids was tellin' us that in Ireland they used to get up at 4 o'clock on Easter mornin' to see the sun dance in honor of the resurrection, and that if you couldn't see it dance by lookin' at it directly you could see it do by watchin' its reflection in a bucket of water."

"Especially if you joggled the bucket a little," came the iconoclastic shot from Aunt Martha, much to the delectation of Policeman Hawkins, who had paused to overhear Bess's little lecture.

When Their Husbands Came Monday. "And I can tell ye of a Heaster custom that'll delight the ladies," interposed that particular one of the finest with whom pleasing the tender sex was ever a studied purpose. "In Durham, where I come from, the women are allowed to whip their husbands every Heaster Monday, nor can the men turn a hair of the heads of their women in defendin' themselves that day."

"Pity it's not the custom here," observed Aunt Martha, awayed from her original purpose of ignoring the policeman.

"I guess few of the men would get off with whole hides if you got your just deserts."

"Very likely, ma'am; and maybe that's why I like Hamlet better. But let me tell the little gal 'ere as 'ow hegg rollin' come to Washington. The idea was brought over by the Scotch, as used to roll their hannocks down the hills in their country—them was their little cakes made of oat or barley meal, baked on the heppers. But these hannocks got out of style 'ere, and they took to rollin' heggas hinstead."

"Humph!" grunted Aunt Martha, and

## Reliable Laxative for Old People Given Free

Life is so arranged that there is a close resemblance between infancy and old age. By this is not meant the mental but the physical faculties. For example, the organ of digestion is the most difficult thing the child has to contend with, as it is that of the old person.

When a person gets past middle life his power of digestion decreases, and continues to grow weaker, and for that reason so many old people are habitually constipated. They try everything recommended from hot water to strong cathartics without avail. Now, if there is any one thing a person of advanced years should not take it is a cathartic. The bowels cannot stand it. What is required is a mild, gentle, non-gripping liquid laxative.

You have it exactly as required in

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which stands to-day after a generation of the ideal remedy for old people, women, children and all others who require a mild, natural remedy. We could give the names of thousands of old people who use nothing else but Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, among them Mr. A. A. Lewis of Bentonville, Ark., and Mr. Enoch Gilpin of Danville, Ill.

They first sent to Dr. Caldwell for a free bottle, which every reader is invited to do, and then, having tested it and found it satisfactory, they bought it of their druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. Their words of public praise should prompt the present reader to at least send for a sample bottle. It costs nothing. Results are absolutely guaranteed or money will be refunded.

Dr. Caldwell does not feel that the purchase of his remedy ends his obligation. He has specialized in stomach, liver and bowel diseases for over forty years, and will be pleased to give the reader any advice on the subject free of charge. All are welcome to write him. Whether for the medical advice or the free sample address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 541 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.

## COFFEE COFFEE COFFEE Jackson Square

WHITE LABEL. The Best Produced.

This is New Orleans Famous coffee. Our guarantee with every pound. Double strength—delicious flavor. If, after a fair test, you are not satisfied in every way with this Celebrated Coffee, your Grocer will refund the price you paid. One Pound of JACKSON SQUARE will go as far as two pounds of ordinary coffee, which makes this an economical coffee. This coffee never in bulk—only in sealed tins. You can taste the difference.

IMPORTERS' COFFEE CO., New Orleans, La.

"QUALITY HOUSE."



## THE Bell Telephone keeps the traveler in touch with all the resources of civilization.

The Bell Sign becomes an old and tried friend. He can order his dinner, explain his delay, summon relief in an emergency, or say the word forgotten in the hurry of starting. He can do this from almost any point on the road, because the Bell System has stretched out its lines to meet his unexpected needs.

The Bell Telephone not only furnishes neighborhood communication but gives Long Distance Service throughout the whole system.

Are YOU a subscriber?

SOUTHERN BELL TEL. & TEL. COMPANY OF VIRGINIA.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

## PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment, and will also send you a copy of this book treating free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

## Don't Fail To give your order early in the week for your

## Easter Cleaning

Mrs. A. J. Pyle, Phone Mad. 2522. 315 N. 5th St. The Best Dyeing and Cleaning